And, mind you, it was interesting, and it is not ' bunk/

Then our host suggested that we should attend a ' himine[f] as it was Saturday evening. A ' himine' is really a Protestant prayer-meeting Tahitianised. It is held in a * parish hall' which is usually more or less native built, and the easy-going native pastors have allowed it to become mere hymn-singing. All the village was going, and we went. We went through the darkness under the moon, with the roar of the surf in our ears. We were very quiet and orderly.

Unlike the church there were no pews in the thatched building and the congregation sat on the floor. Within was darkness and no furniture at all except for a school-bench in a corner, one oil lamp and two chairs provided for us against the wall. At the bench sat the pastor, and more of him anon. He rose, shook hands with us and went back to his desk.

There was no apparent order, no

announcement
of a hymn, no instrument, no book. No hymn
appeared to be sting completely through. The
folk crouched on the floor in the semi-darkness,